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"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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VOLUME VI.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1872.

NUMBER 38.

**ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!**

**FRANK W. HAY**  
Manufacturer,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

**COPPER,**

**Sheet-Iron WARES,**

AND DEALER IN

**HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING STOVES,**

**Sheet Metals,**

AND

**HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.**

Jobbing in

**TIN COPPER & SHEET-IRON**

PROFITABLY ATTENDED TO.

No. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

**JOHNSTOWN, PA.**

**FARMERS, SEE THIS!**

**HUCKEYE**  
GRAIN AND SEED CLEANER,  
Patented Feb'y 1st, 1870.

MANUFACTURED BY  
**NIEBEL & PENNINGTON**  
Tiffin, Ohio.

The Huckeye Grain and Seed Cleaner  
is superior to any other Panning Mill ever  
made. It cleans more than twice the quantity  
of grain than any other mill, and it does so  
without any loss of seed. It is easily handled  
and can be turned by a boy ten years  
old.

For the above advantages, it is far cheaper  
than any other Panning Mill now made.  
It is made of the best material, and is  
guaranteed to last for years. It is the  
only mill that cleans grain so thoroughly  
that it is fit for seed. It is the only  
mill that cleans grain so thoroughly that  
it is fit for seed. It is the only mill  
that cleans grain so thoroughly that it  
is fit for seed.

**FARMERS!**

**LOOK AT THIS!**

The Farmer's Favorite  
**RAIN DRILL,**

**STONER'S**  
Planting MILL,  
AND THE  
**STONE CIDER MILL!**

FOR SALE BY  
**S. W. DAVIS,**  
Ebensburg, Pa.

**AVAILABLE FARM FOR SALE.**  
A beautiful farm containing 48 Acres, more or  
less, situated in the town of Gallitzin, Pa.,  
about 20 miles from Ebensburg, Pa. The  
farm is well improved, and is a very  
desirable place for a farmer. It is  
for sale at a low price. For  
information, write to S. W. Davis,  
Ebensburg, Pa.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
Estate of WILLIAM COLE, deceased.  
Letters of Administration on the Estate of  
William Cole, late of Gallitzin Township, etc'd,  
having been granted to the undersigned by the  
Court of Common Pleas, in and for the County  
of Cambria, Pa., I hereby give notice to all  
persons having claims against said  
deceased, to present them properly authenticated  
for settlement, and those indebted to the same  
are requested to make payment without delay.  
SAMUEL CRAIG, Administrator.  
Gallitzin, Sept. 20, 1872.

**GRAND EXPOSITION!!**

**Dress GOODS**

—AND—

**DRESS GOODS,**

**Fall 1872.**

**A. W. ERWIN & CO.**

172 and 174  
FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

**EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS!**

**Eyre & Landell,**

Fourth and Arch Streets,  
PHILADELPHIA.

ARE OFFERING A FINE STOCK OF  
**DRY GOODS**  
FOR FALL OF  
**1872.**

SILKS,  
SHAWLS,  
MERCERIES,  
WINTER SUITINGS,  
FULL LINE NEW GOODS.

N. B. BEST WEAVING BLACK SILK.  
September 27, 61.

**EXCELSIOR FUR EMPORIUM.**

J. ISAACS,  
Successor to  
**John Farelra**  
718 Arch St.,  
Middle of the Block,  
between 7th and 8th  
Sts., South Side,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Importer  
and Manufacturer of  
**Fancy Furs**  
FOR LADIES' & CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Wholesale and Retail.

Having imported a very large and splendid  
assortment of all the different kinds of FURS  
from first hands in Europe, would respectfully  
invite the readers of this paper to call and ex-  
amine my stock of Fancy Furs. I am deter-  
mined to sell at the lowest Cash prices. All Furs  
guaranteed. No counterfeits. Representations to effect sales.  
FURS ALTERED AND REPAIRED.  
If you remember the Store, 718 ARCH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA. (Sept. 27, 3m.)

**Murray & Dunn,**  
PROPRIETORS OF  
**PHENIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,**  
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately  
known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now  
preparing to manufacture

**LIGHT CASTINGS**  
of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves  
manufactured at our establishment are in all  
respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery  
promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

All our work is warranted to be exactly  
what it is represented. (Aug. 20, '72.)

**PROF. J. L. WIESENBACH,**  
Music Teacher,  
AND AGENT FOR  
**KNABE & CO.'S**  
PIANOS!

AND S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S (Boston)  
**AMERICAN ORGANS**  
Cambria House, Ebensburg, Pa.

**Collins, Johnston & Co.,**  
**BANKERS,**  
Ebensburg, Pa.

Will receive money on deposit, discount  
and collect notes, and attend to all the  
business usually done by Bankers.  
Sept. 20, 1872. GEO. C. K. ZAHM, Cashier.

[ORIGINAL.]  
**FOR WHAT I WOULD BE THINE.**

I would be thine to love thee  
Through all this changing life—  
To make thee happy and contented,  
Despite its hills and strife.

I would be thine to cheer thee  
When sad and sick at heart—  
To comfort and caress thee,  
And bid all gloom depart.

I would be thine to cling to thee  
When all other friends thou'rt bereft—  
To make thee feel that tho' the world might  
scorn thee,  
Thou hadst one firm, true friend still left.

I would be thine for love alone,  
Through all my life to be  
A source of peace and happiness,  
A comfort and a joy to thee.

MINNIE MYRTLE.  
DUDLEY, PA., 1872.

**"WHAT WAS IT?"**  
A TALE OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

In the year 185 I was in command of  
the Dolphin, a fine bark of six hundred  
tons. We had been on a whaling voyage,  
and had obtained an unusually good cargo  
of oil, both in quality and quantity. With  
our course laid for home, the crew in good  
health, and a fair prospect of per centage  
money on the cargo, what more could we  
want to keep the song and the jest on the  
lips of the crew?

Time passed quickly along. "Homeward  
bound" has an intensified meaning to the  
whaler's crew, and as we bowled along with  
a good breeze, each day getting nearer and  
nearer to our homes and firesides, there  
were few on the vessel who did not feel  
their spirits rising with each day's progress.

One night about eleven o'clock I was  
sitting at the upper end of my cabin table,  
consulting a chart on which the vessel's  
course was laid down. I had been reading  
"Dante's Inferno," and the horrible nature  
of the work had aroused my sensitive feel-  
ings to such an extent that I had deter-  
mined to try how far a cigar and a walk on  
deck would steady my nerves. Just as I was  
about rising from my chair to go on deck I  
noticed a figure descending the compani-  
onway before me. A single glance  
told me that it was not one of the crew.  
No one of my well-fed, sleek men could  
possibly look as miserable as this figure  
looked, even at the distance at which I  
saw him. Slowly he descended the steps,  
grasping the hand-rail to support himself,  
as if he were too feeble to descend without  
support.

His back was bent, and his head lay  
forward on his breast, as if he were carefully  
watching his footsteps; his feet were bare,  
while his head was enveloped in a piece of  
old sail-cloth in place of a cap. His left  
arm hung down by his side, carefully roll-  
ed up in his coat, which had evidently been  
taken off for that purpose; and the arm  
itself appeared to be broken. Quietly and  
without uttering a word he approached me;  
and at last he sat down at the opposite end  
of the table to that which was my accus-  
tomed place.

He then slowly raised his head, and a  
sight was presented to my astonished gaze,  
the like of which I hope I may never see  
again. A fine, noble face it was; but at-  
tenuated by disease and suffering, or per-  
haps both. The features had been good  
and regular, but now the cheeks were sun-  
ken and hollow; the teeth, white and even,  
were firmly set together, while the thin,  
parched lips were drawn back from them.  
The eyes were as black as coal, but sunk  
far back in the head, and I saw that they  
were at once fixed on me with a dull, un-  
meaning stare. The figure now stood up  
just opposite to me, and I felt myself spell-  
bound to my seat without the power to ad-  
dress it.

Having looked at me fixedly for some  
time the figure then walked up to my side  
till it touched my shoulder. Reaching out  
his arm, he laid a bony finger on the chart  
which was on the table, and before I could  
muster courage to articulate, lo! he had  
disappeared.

Recovering my composure somewhat, I  
sprang with a bound up the companionway  
and shouted for the mate. He speedily re-  
plied to my call, and came aft, dragging  
something behind him which kept up a  
continual howling. As he came nearer to  
me I saw that it was my Labrador dog  
Caspar, and I inquired the meaning of  
what he was doing.

"Why, sir," he replied, "the dog lay on  
the companion hatch until a few moments  
ago, apparently sound asleep, when all of  
a sudden he sprang up with a horrible  
howl, and ran to his kennel forward with  
his tail between his legs. I then went  
after him, and found him in his kennel  
shaking with fright; and when I put my  
hand in to pat him, he attempted to bite  
me. Hearing you call, I dragged him aft  
with me by his collar, to see if he had not  
been hurt in some manner, for I never saw  
him act so before."

I did not examine the terrified dog. I  
felt that he had seen my visitor as well as  
myself. With some difficulty I soothed  
him, and then went down below. Walk-  
ing up to my table, I cast a look down at  
the chart. At the exact spot where my  
visitor had placed his attenuated finger I  
saw a dull red mark, and, on a closer ex-  
amination, I perceived that it was a drop  
of blood.

The mark indicated a position on the

chart which was a day's sail from and at  
right angles to our course. For two hours  
I paced the deck, wondering at what had  
happened. The visitor was too surely no  
creation of my own imagination, for the  
dog had seen the figure as well as myself  
and the spot on the chart was plain evi-  
dence. What could it mean? I half de-  
termined to ask the mate's advice.

He was a firm believer in spiritual man-  
ifestations, and would endeavor to solve the  
enigma in some way or other. But then I  
had always ridiculed his notions, and it  
was too galling to my pride to ask his ad-  
vice now on that of which I had always denied  
the existence, save in a heated imagination;  
so I determined to keep my own counsel.  
Turning in soon after, I slept well, and  
awoke refreshed—determined in my own  
mind to say nothing and think no more  
about it.

When I got on deck, I found that we  
were becalmed. Not a ripple was on the  
water. The day passed away monotonously  
enough. The crew slept. I read and  
smoked, and eleven o'clock that night  
found me in my chair at the head of the  
table in the cabin.

Caspar, who had now quite got over his  
fears, lay on the hatch at the head of the  
cabin-stairs. I could hear the pat, pat of  
his tail as a sort of greeting to the mate as  
he kept passing him in his walk on the deck.  
This evening my thoughts were tranquil,  
for I was reading a volume of Longfellow's  
poems, and was in the midst of "Evangeline"  
when I heard a howl from Caspar, and the  
scurry of his feet as he scampered forward.

Looking up, I saw my visitor of the pre-  
vious night again descending the compani-  
onway. He seemed much weaker, and  
came slowly down, clutching the hand-rail  
with his one sound arm and hand. He  
walked across the cabin more feebly than  
before, and his respiration was heavy and  
labored when he reached the table. He  
glanced at the table with an anxious look,  
as if to see whether the chart was still  
there. It was not. He then gazed at me  
with a disappointed and sorrowful stare,  
and disappeared.

I remained quietly in my chair for about  
ten minutes after the specter had departed.  
When I went on deck, I found the mate  
again endeavoring to soothe the dog, who  
snapped and snarled in his kennel until it  
was unsafe to approach him. Leaving him  
there, I went below; and throwing myself,  
dressed as I was, on my cot, I tried to sleep.

Unrefreshing and feverish was the sleep  
which visited me that night, and I arose in  
the morning totally unfit for work of any  
kind, and with my nerves entirely unstrung.

What was expected of me? For what pur-  
pose had I been warned? What must I do?  
Thus I mused during the entire day.  
Caspar kept close to his kennel all the time,  
and steadily refused to eat or drink—  
Whenever any of us approached him heat-  
tempted to snap at us, and appeared as if  
entirely under the influence of some great  
fear. The calm had continued during the  
entire day, and we made no progress what-  
ever.

Again evening approached, and the same  
hour found me, as on the two previous  
nights, sitting at my table. This time I  
eagerly awaited my visitor. Would the  
figure again appear? I found myself hop-  
ing that it would. This time I did not at-  
tempt to read, for my thoughts were too  
troubled to permit of concentrating my  
mind on any book. The same chart, with  
the blood stain on it, lay on the table before  
me. Would my visitor, if he came again,  
touch that spot, or would he give me some  
other sign which might indicate to me the  
course I ought to pursue?

This time there was no Caspar to warn  
me, but I felt that the figure was coming,  
even ere it appeared. Presently I saw it  
again coming down the stairs. This time it  
was evidently far weaker than before, for  
with difficulty could it stand, and it toiled  
down the steps in manifest suffering and  
agony. At last it reached the cabin-floor  
and attempted to advance toward me; but  
no sooner had it got the hand-rail than it  
sank down exhausted. I sprang up and  
rushed toward it; but the moment I moved  
the spectre vanished, and when I attempt-  
ed to raise the fallen figure, my hand  
touched the cabin-floor.

And now a light seemed to break upon  
me. I rushed upon the deck, where I found  
the mate and crew setting all sail to catch  
the breeze which had just sprung up. I  
immediately gave orders that the Dolphin's  
course should be altered to that which  
would bring us to the spot marked so plain-  
ly on the chart by the drop of blood.

All that night I paced the deck. No  
sleep seemed possible to me until this hid-  
den mystery should be revealed. We made  
a beautiful run, and with daylight I hoped  
to find what?—I knew not.

The dawn brought a disappointment. A  
dense fog lay on the face of the ocean. We  
could discern nothing at ten yards' distance  
from the vessel's side. According to my  
calculations, and by the log, we should have  
been not far from that spot on the wide sea  
where I hoped to find a solution of the mys-  
tery.

Towards noon the wind died away, and  
at length deserted us altogether. Then the  
fog slowly rose, and I at once, glass in  
hand, ascended the rigging. With eager  
gaze I scanned the horizon ahead and on  
both bows, but no welcome object met my  
eye. Disheartened at I knew not what, I  
was coming down, when I chanced to look  
directly astern.

Almost directly in our wake, but far  
astern of us, lay an object which, by the aid  
of my glass, I made out to be an open boat.  
I could not discern anything in it, and it  
appeared to lie like a log upon the water.

The gig was soon lowered, according to  
my orders, and a mate and a boat's crew  
were dispatched to inspect the boat as it  
lay far astern. I felt quite unequal to go-  
ing myself, so agitated was I, but I had  
presence of mind enough to order some  
brandy and nourishment suitable to the  
sick and famished to be brought upon deck.

I felt as assured that my visitor was there  
as if I had seen him in the boat; but whether  
alive or dead I dared not speculate. Twice  
I had been summoned, and twice I had ne-  
glected the summons. On the third occa-  
sion my spectre visitor had sunk, to all ap-  
pearance, lifeless on the floor of my cabin.  
Was he dead, or was he only in a death-  
like swoon?

I thought over the wonderful incidents  
which had caused me to find the boat. The  
wind had died away when I neglected to  
obey the first summons, nor did it return  
until after I had received the third call.

Had it not again died away when it did,  
I should have passed the boat so far in the  
fog as not to be able to see it when the fog  
lifted. As it was, we were very nearly out  
of sight when the horizon became clear.

Half an hour's more wind, and the mys-  
tery could never have been revealed.—  
Scarce could I restrain my impatience.  
However, there was no help for it. I must  
wait until the gig returned.

After hours of suspense, I at last beheld  
the gig approaching slowly, with the other  
boat in tow. Unable to endure the terrible  
suspense, I went down into the cabin.—  
Soon I heard the gig touch the ship's side,  
and the mate giving orders to lower away  
and the chair from the yard-arm.

Then I thought they had found him; but  
he must be too feeble to climb the ship's  
side. A few moments, and I heard ap-  
proaching footsteps, and down the stairs  
was brought, with the assistance of some  
of the crew, my visitor for the fourth time;  
but now really and truly in the flesh.

He was supported in the arms of the  
mate, but he held on to the hand-rail just  
as I had seen him in the three visions. His  
left arm hung loosely at his side, and was  
bandaged up just as I had observed on the  
three occasions of the spectre's visits.

We gave him proper refreshment and  
put him to bed. He gradually revived, and  
in a few days was able to tell us his story.  
He had been captain of a large vessel trad-  
ing in the Pacific. The crew had mutinied  
and had cast him adrift in an open boat,  
with nothing to eat but a few biscuits,  
which were thrown into the boat in derision  
by one of the mutineers.

When these were eaten, he had tried to  
eke out life by eating his shoes, and with  
water wrung from his clothes after rain  
and heavy dews he had quenched in a man-  
ner his thirst. When found by the mate,  
he lay extended in the bottom of the boat  
in a death-like swoon, and owed his recov-  
ery, perhaps, chiefly to the brandy which I  
had sent in the gig.

In a few days more we assisted him on  
deck. Caspar no sooner saw him than he  
flew at him, and but for my interference,  
would have torn him to pieces. During  
the rest of the voyage we were obliged to  
keep the dog chained up. As soon as we  
perceived the boat, the Dolphin had been  
put upon her former course, and now, with  
a fair wind, we again sped merrily on.

I now felt satisfied that omens and signs  
were sometimes vouchsafed to mortal men  
for certain grave reasons, and, though not  
superstitious, I still believe that they are  
more frequent than is usually supposed.

As we neared the port for which we were  
bound, Captain Williams (for such was the  
name of my visitor) was one day sitting  
with me in the cabin, when he asked to see  
the chart, as he wished to pick out the spot  
where I had found him.

I gave him an entirely new chart, and  
he busied himself sharpening a pencil with  
which to mark the place where he had so  
nearly lost his life. Suddenly I heard an  
exclamation from him, which he followed  
up by saying:

"My dear sir, I am very sorry; but I  
have cut my finger, and have dropped  
some blood on your new chart, and I see  
that I have soiled the very spot which I  
was going to point out as that whereabouts  
you found me. But," he added with a  
light laugh, "that will do instead to mark  
the place."

I have the two charts now, both of them  
marked exactly alike; one done by Cap-  
tain Williams in the flesh, accidentally;  
the other by— Reader, can you tell  
whom?

**A NOBLE ACT.**

The True Policy of Peace and Civilization—An  
Incident Well Worth of Record—Daniel  
Denny, the Boston Merchant.

In a speech delivered by Senator Bayard,  
of Delaware, in the United States Senate  
last May, in opposition to the suspension of  
the writ of habeas corpus and in favor of  
doing justice to the South, says the N. Y.  
Metropolitan Record, that distinguished  
gentleman related an incident which pos-  
sesses a peculiar interest at this particular  
time, and which, if read by every right  
thinking man in the North, would, we be-  
lieve, produce no slight effect on the result  
of the campaign. We take special pleas-  
ure in its republication:

In conclusion, I will ask the Senate, view-  
ing all these facts, considering the history  
of the past three years, and ask also the  
people of the country, to whom I speak  
equally with those who happen now to hear  
me, is it not time to abolish this phrase  
"reconstruction" and substitute that better  
and more potent word "reconciliation"?  
"What ye sow that ye shall also reap" is a  
sacred truth and never more true than in  
man's government of his fellow-men. Human  
hearts respond to sentiments of generosity  
and mercy and confidence by actions of  
like nature. Harshness and injustice bear  
fruits like themselves.

It was with regret and surprise that I  
found in the Globe of the 10th of May a  
speech made during my absence from the  
Senate by the honorable Senator from Indi-  
ana (Mr. Pratt), who was a member of the  
same committee and the chairman of the  
sub-committee, and one whose speech and  
report have been relied upon by his party  
as giving a true picture of the condi-  
tion of the country in regard to which  
Congress is now attempting to legislate.

In speaking of the Southern people and the  
question of extending amnesty and oblivion  
for their past political offenses, he seems to  
mourn over the fact and to condemn those  
people because—

"He denies that he committed treason in re-  
bellion. He glories in the battles he fought and  
the injuries his arms inflicted on the govern-  
ment. He honors those who most distinguished  
themselves in the bad cause. He commends  
those who were killed in the rebellion, and  
he pays visits to the graves of his former  
enemies in arms, and sits down with them  
and moistens them with tears."

Yes, Mr. President, and should it ever  
come to pass that the graves of the South-  
ern dead should be neglected by their kin-  
dred, kind nature herself will take care  
of them. In the Southern earth in which the  
dead sleep will yield its riches and its daisies  
to wreath their places of rest, and the soft  
winds of the South will gently wave the  
grass about them, and the dews of her  
starry nights will keep green and flowery  
fresh in memory of her brave children who  
died in defense of the soil which now  
contains them.

Why, sir, can it be that a mind can be so  
darkened by prejudice and party spirit as to  
forget the very echoes of his own voice  
which these people did not weep over their  
loved and their lost, they would do  
something more or less than human; much  
more likely less than more. Such a speech  
and such sentiments sound to me like the  
report of some Russian commander writing  
from Warsaw to the Czar, followed by an  
order for the women of Poland to  
wear mourning for their dead. Is it the  
feeling or the language of an American  
Senator directed toward those who are his  
fellow-citizens, and who it is the hope of  
the country will be a source of happiness  
and strength to our Union? Certainly men  
cannot be won back from error by such  
sentiments as these and by no such condem-  
nation. They never can be made friends  
by such processes.

Mr. President, let me relate an incident  
of a different feeling, from which more is  
to be hoped and which I believe contains  
the true germ from which a feeling of union  
will spring up again that will bind our  
States forever in the bonds of a common  
brotherhood. This incident came to my  
knowledge in the State of Georgia, and  
I believe it to be in all respects strictly  
true, and it illustrates that spirit which  
alone can be looked to as a means of restor-  
ing the feeling of fraternity and national  
brotherhood which will take the place of  
the strength and safeguard of our  
Union of States, and without which the  
Union is but a mockery and a delusion,  
destined to perish at the first rude shock it  
shall receive in foreign war.

1865 an officer of the Southern army found  
himself, like thousands of his compatriots,  
without a dollar, on his way to his home  
and family. Not far from Atlanta he found  
his aged mother and family, people who  
in 1861 he had left in affliction, surrounded  
by all the luxury and refinement that in-  
herited wealth and cultivation for genera-  
tions in the same family can alone produce.  
He threw himself from his weary horse  
and entered the door of his dwelling, and  
mother, his wife, sisters, little children,  
were all there. Death, who had held his  
harvest among the brave men on the field  
of battle and in the Northern prisons, had  
spared the weaker ones. Their suffering  
had been to live. They had seen not only  
luxuries which their own hands had earned  
by the breath of war, but even the necessities  
of a frugal life had gone, and when my in-  
formant found these ladies and children,  
and once so tenderly cared for, they had  
been living for ten days upon dried okra  
and salt. This had been their sole sus-  
sistence. Unable to relieve their desperate  
condition, he remounted his horse and rode  
back to the town of Atlanta to solicit food  
to keep his family alive.

I am credibly informed there was not a  
head of dried cattle, sheep, or pig, or  
chicken in that county out of the camp of  
the United States army. On his way to  
Atlanta he met a colonel of the United States  
army, who, without knowing him  
personally, mentioned his name (historical  
in Georgia and Carolina) and inquired the  
cause of his residence. My informant dis-  
closed himself to the officer, and, finding  
his purpose, told him his condition, and  
accepted such a loan of money as enabled  
him to purchase from the United States  
commissary at Atlanta the necessary basic  
life for his family. I will not recount how,  
with energy and courage, he struggled  
with varying success to make a living for  
those who were dependent on him; but  
the election of Bullock, and the appoint-  
ment of his State officials, forced him to  
abandon the practice of law, where merit  
and ability could not compete with corrupt  
favoritism.

About this time he wrote to a friend in the  
North a letter descriptive of the condition of  
the Southern men like himself honestly endeavor-  
ing to act as faithful citizens of the Govern-  
ment of the United States; and finding  
no confidence exhibited in their good inten-  
tions, but, on the other hand, rebuff and dis-  
credit, whilst thieves, camp-followers and  
ignominious and vicious negroes were placed in  
power over them. This letter found its way  
into print in some of the Northern papers,  
among others, I believe, in the New York  
Tribune. A few weeks after the letter was  
written my informant received by mail a  
letter postmarked Boston and Massachusetts.—  
He opened it and found inclosed a check for  
\$1,000 and a few lines from the writer stating  
that he had seen the letter referred to, and  
desired, as a Northern man, to assist a citi-  
zen in a distant State struggling in such  
bitter adversity. The writer's name was  
totally unknown to him, and he thought it  
must be a mistake. He opened the letter, and  
found it was a check for \$1,000, and he  
submitted the check to a banker, who at once  
informed him it was good for its full amount.  
He, however, considering there must be  
some mistake, wrote to the writer, stating the  
arrival of the letter with the check, but his  
fear that his motive in writing which drew  
forth the remittance had been misunder-  
stood; that he might have been supposed to  
be what was known as a "Union man" in  
the Southern acceptance of that term, or a  
republican rebel, disposed to gain favor with  
the successful party by condemning the suc-  
cessful course. He told him that he was  
neither; that he had been an original and  
conscientious believer in the right and duty  
of secession in 1861, and had been ex-  
cept for his failure; but that he accepted  
his fate and was ready to keep faith with  
the government which had granted it.

A reply from Boston to this letter assured  
him that the writer had earnestly advocat-  
ed the prosecution of the war, and during  
the war would have been an enemy,  
but that peace had come and he now sought  
to make him a friend, and took this as the  
natural mode of doing it, and begged him to  
keep and use the money. He inquired how  
much the heart of this Southerner was  
touched, but he was a man of honor, and  
looking sorely pressed for money, felt in  
looking over the entire fleet of his affairs,  
that even with the \$1,000 he was greatly in  
debt, and in fact insolvent. He felt it was  
his duty, as it was his right, to avail himself  
of the laudable law of the United States  
and start afresh, after giving up all he  
possessed, which consisted chiefly of the  
farm and homestead which sheltered his  
family. He then wrote again to the  
good man in Boston, telling him under the  
circumstances. The mail soon brought a  
request to know the condition of his  
affairs. He made it out in exact detail, and  
his statement disclosed debts several thou-  
sand dollars in excess of his assets.

In prompt return of mail a letter reached  
him, with a check for the full amount of his  
debts in full. His debts were paid, his ex-  
penses restored, his family retained in their  
home, the means of his support were ample  
and prosperously met him with a smile  
and open hands. The money so lent by the  
Boston merchant to a total stranger in a  
never seen, whose opinion, sound and po-  
litical, he had ever opposed, his good re-  
turn, but this is the least part of the trans-  
action. There is a debt which will never  
be paid so long as America exists, and  
Southerner's heart—the debt of gratitude,  
of friendship, which binds him to the  
man who had done him good, and who bears  
his name or are of his kindred. The man  
of the Northern man is borne by the son of  
the Southern man. It will be a household  
name that shall comfort and sustain in  
true ties of friendship while the world  
shall last. Should danger or trouble assail  
the man of the North or his kindred, he can  
count upon the ready aid of his Southern  
brother to defend him—a defense that  
without money and without price; the cheap  
reckoning of new nations giving it.  
Why should not these two great States of  
Massachusetts and Georgia be allowed to  
typify the relations of the Northern and the  
Southern people, and produce like ef-  
fects, that like causes will produce like ef-  
fects. It is in your power. Shall it be  
done? In justice to his State and to the  
people of America, I call upon you to  
state the name of the Boston merchant who  
did this wise and noble example to his fellow-  
countrymen. It was Daniel Denny, the  
Boston merchant, whose wisdom of the heart  
knew how to conquer even more effectively  
than he who has won the bloodiest garland  
gained in battle. He overcame enmity by  
kindness—the great law of love, whose Di-  
vine Expositor was born of woman, and  
hundred and seventy-two years ago, but  
whose teachings seem so little heeded in  
this latter day.

Within a few weeks Mr. Denny has gone  
to his honored grave, but his good name  
shall not be forgotten.

"Only the actions of the heart  
Small sweet and little blossom in the dust."

I saw and felt in my personal intercourse  
in Georgia the kindness and which his  
trust in human nature had created.

I remember well this gentleman telling me  
of a meeting of those who had been Confed-  
erate officers slain and adopted from now  
which I have related. They were im-  
pressed; they were sore with many things  
that had visited them in the way of domestic  
and political affliction. They had much to  
complain and little to praise. In the North  
found but little to praise, and little, appar-  
ently, to thank the Government for. While  
they were relating instances of their hard-  
ships, this gentleman arose and told this  
story in simplicity and truth; and he told  
me that among these angry and sore men  
who had breathed their last many a time and  
borne upon their persons scars and sores, there  
were tears soft as woman's shed at this one  
touch of human kindness.

"What can war but endless wars breed?"  
The law now proposed is an act of assault;  
it breathes of violence. It works upon no  
emotions but those of fear. It will cause  
havoc. It will produce no good, but only  
between citizens or toward the Government.  
It is, as I have tried to show, a plain viola-  
tion of the limits of our written charter of  
power, and even if it were not so, it is un-  
wise and unjust. Cease then, I beg of you,  
this malevolent, odious system so foreign to  
the genius of American government, and  
"reconstruction" and adopt from now and  
this time forth the true, wise, the Christian  
policy of "reconciliation" between the  
States of the Union.

A woman named Fanny Taylor has had  
a career. She began by running away from  
her home in Pennsylvania with a circus,  
with which she remained several years as a  
romantic athletic and gymnast. After that  
she learned the shoemaker's trade, and pass-  
ing as a man, served five years in that busi-  
ness. Then she turned blacksmith in the  
great Missouri Cavalry, she was taken  
prisoner and sent to Richmond, where she  
was released on revealing her sex. She has  
since been arrested many times for fighting  
and gambling; has won a prize fight, run on  
the Missouri Pacific Railroad as a brakes-  
man; and at last married a negro and became  
a besotted drunkard and habitual inmate of  
the calaboose in Kansas City.